THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JANUARY 30, 1887 .- SIXTEEN PAGES.

Gleanings From the Dyspeptic-Banishers of the Country.

FROM THE

WITS.

WAILS OF THE ROYAL POODLE.

10

WAIFS

The Lunney of Legal Cross-Questioning-The Spanking Boy-Equalizing Family Labor-Had Him on the Hip.

The Wrath of Hector.

A monkey having been introduced at the white house, Hector, the poodle, is moved to wrath as follows: It used to be that life was bliss,

And I, a happy poolle, Could thank the fate that brought me to The land of Yankee Doodle,

But times have sadly changed of late, Which fills me so with sorrow, That if I had a job outside I'd leave this place to-morrow.

The cloud that first obscured my skies, And cast its shadows over, Was when the rheumatism caught The prayerless knees of Grover.

And then he fumed and fretted, And said bad words and groaned in pan, Till he, not I, was petted,

But that was nothing to the last Offense they've heaped upon me: 'hey've brought a monkey to the house, And that has quite undone me.

The old man meets it with a kiss, The servants all adore it, The mistress hugs the ugly thing, And Dan bows down before it.

The white house is against me now. I've thought the thing all over, I'll go and join the democrats And help to bury Grover, I've borne their insults all along,

But now I'm growing spunky-Let loose the dogs of war, s'death! And down that mugwump monkey!

What Made Him Insane.

What ruined me and got me into a lunatic asylum was this: I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long cross-examinations were brain less dialogues for no purpose. Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and com-

menced examining me; "Now, Mr. Perkins," he began, "how much wood do you say was cut by Mr. Hally

'Just ten cords,'' I answered boldly. "I measured it."

"That's your impression?" "Yes, sir." "Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury-

f-a.c.t.s, sir, facts?" "The witness will please state facts hereafter," said the judge, while the crimson came to my face. "Now, sir, continued Johnson, point-

ing his linger at me, "will you swear that it was not more than nine cords?"

"Yes, sir. It was ten cords—just—" "There! never mind," interrupted John-"Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?"

Two cords, sir." "How do you know there were just two cords less, sir? Did you measure those two cords, sir? "asked Johnson, savagely. 'No, sir, I-"

"There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected. All guess-work. Now didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood? 'Yes, sir, but-"

"Stop, sir: The jury will note this discrepancy. "Now, sir," continued Johnson, slowly,

as he pointed his finger almost down my throat. "Now.

ing a pack of cards is one of the easiest acts in the world to mo." "Are you a wealthy man, Mr. Foster?" "Well, if an income of \$10,000 a year argues wealth, then I am wealthy," he replied. "Would you be willing, Mr. Foster, to give me your entire services, in the even-ings only, for \$20,000 a year?" "Why, certainly, my dear sir; your proposition transports me. What must l

"Simply come with me to the faro rooms of various cities and tell me what is the next card in the cue box."

Why He Didn't Spank the Boy. On a bench in the garden my weeping small

Sanz willow-tit willow-tit willow. And I asked him: "Why will you the neighbors annoy With your willow-tit wil

low? Do you find it amusing or are you in pain? Please stop it at once and don't do it again," Still he piercingly howled, while tears fell like rain Ob, willow-tit willow-tit willow.

My nerves and my patience were really worn My horves and my patience were really work out With his willow—tit willow—tit willow. So I picked up a shingle sufficiently stort; Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow. Across my left knee the sad child did i fling, Remarking; "Now forthwith explain me this thing. Or I'll give you sufficient occasion to sing Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow."

'Oh, popper, please don't! Do, do put me

'Oh, popper, please don't! Do, do put me down, Oh! willow-tit willow-tit willow:
You know that you promised you'd bring me from town, Oh! willow-tit willow-tit willow.
To bring me a watch, a watch that would go, And tick, and keep time, and I wanted it so; And you weat and forgot it, oh! dear me! Oh! oh!
Oh! willow-tit willow -tit willow."

Absent-Mindedness.

Boston Record: A man isn't to blame if he is young. And "that reminds me," apropos, that the artists say that Mr. abropos, that the artists say that Alf. Chase, the artist whose exhibition made an impression here, was betrothed in his early youth. He is very absent minded now, egregiously so, though he is far from old. One day two or three ladies visited his studio in New York and looked at his new pictures. When they had gone he said to a brother artist who was in the room

"It seems to me 1 have, seen one of those ladies somewhere before; the small one; rather pretty."

"Why, don't you remember?" returned his friend, "that's the girl you were en-gaged to before you went to Holland."

Modern Life Insurance.

Life insurance men remind us, We can make our wives sublime, And departing leave behind us Widows worthy of our time. We will give them such a send-off On the life insurance plan, that when we departing end off They can scoop some other man,

A Great Scheme.

An opera-house manager in Ohio has a great scheme. He has the following notice posted in his lobby: "Gentlemen" Cloves may be had upon application to the usher. Please do not leave your seats."

He Had a Preference.

Atlanta Constitution: There is a story toid that one day, not far from Atlanta, a young man, after listening to a certain preacher pound and expound the series tures for two hours, arose and started to eave the church. The preacher stopped short. 'Young man!' he said. The young man stopped. "If you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, just go on?" "Well," replied the young man, after a pause, "I believe I'd rather." and out he went. Harmony and Discord.

New York Marning Journal. DEFORE MARRIAGE. She sings a beautiful soprano Most every night. And plays the upright grand plane To his delight. Beside the instrument he lingura, Admiring sees The lovely maiden's fair fingers Flash o'er the keys. And thinks such happiness he never Before enjoyed; What bliss to linger there forever-Bliss unalloyed.

WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR concessions that a conflict must be forced upon her, before she will consent to draw the sword. And besides, in spite of the cordial relations between the cabinets of Europe on the Threshold of a Long and Bloody Conflict.

RUSSIA REMAINS HESENTFUL. Old National Grievances Remembered-Armies and Navies Ready for Action-"The Next Wind

That Blows," Etc. WARSAW, Jan. 1 .-- [Correspondence of the BEE.]-According to appearances, the coming spring will see the beginning of that great continental war, which has been anxiously and fearfully expected since 1874, but never with nearly so great a semblance of probabil-ity as at the present moment. Every nation in Europe is arming or is armed for the fray, and as this condition of armed expectation cannot last eternally, but one of two solutions is admissible: either

ament, and as no power dares to take the initiative of the latter measure, we must conclude that there will be trouble, although no one pretends to deny that. even to the victors, the consequences of war must be ruinous. In political, social and military circles here, not the faintest hope of preservation of peace is entertained, invasion and battle are the theme of all conversations; no one talks or thinks of aughtelse, notwith-

a general conflict or a universal disarm-

ing all the attractions offered by the court balls, by the theaters, by a host of learned professors who discourse on Ra-belais and Gothe and Moliere. Court balls and theaters and lecture rooms are crowded, but, for all that, the one pre-dominating idea is war, the one anxions question is: Where will the first shot be tire d? Is the public wrong in its preoceapa tions, or are the rumors heard on

sides the precursors of a tempest are we on the eve of one of those conflagrations which must change the face of Europe's map? No human being can reply with certainty, no! not even the Sphynx of Berlin; but, certainly, the prospect is disieartening to humanitarians, and it is only right and proper that the situation should be laid before America, the one

nation on the globe which is not likely to be drawn into the conflict, the only naion which can profit by its complications and consequences. RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY. The Bulgarian question is the nominal starting point of the present embrogho, and Russian action in the Balkan peninsula may be the spark which must fire the train. But the controversy; who

shall be king? is merely a pretext; Rus-sia hankers now as she has hankered ever since the days of the great Cather-ine after the possession of Constanti-nople and Constantinople Russia proposes to have, spite of all opposition, Russia is a power which moves steadily onward toward her objective, halting sometimes on her way, but never drawing back. Her tsar, has, so far, hesitated to occupy Bulgaria with his legions. He feared that any direct menace against Constantinople might, as for his grand-father, in 1855, give cause for the coalition hostile to his projects, and he feit that the opposition of allied Germany, Austria and England would be an obstaalmost insurmountable, to their ization. But that obstacle has ele realization. disappeared. Russian diplomacy has won his benevolent neutrality, and Germany in exchange for a carte blanche in the direction of the Vosges, has given Alex-ander III carte-blanche in the direction of the Hæmus. Austria then stands alone in the face of the northern colos-sis whose venerals are not at all dissus, whose generals are not at all dis-heartened, because there exists a possible eventuality of the co-operation of the British flect. In short, the occupation of Bulgaria and Roumania-1 mean Rou-mania and not Roumelia-is decided upon

fleet can be anticipated and prevented but, in case those provisions be not rea.

battalions, each of 1,000 men, in all

St. Petersburg and Berlin, notwithstand-ing the flattery and attention lavished upon the ambassadors of the two powers, by the courts to which they are ac-credited, notwithstanding the manifesto in which M. de Giers, breaking with all Russian ministerial traditions, announces urbi et orbi, his sympathies with Ger-many, I do not believe that the tsar will consent to that final dismeniverment of France which must create a permanent peril for his own empire and destroy the only counterpoise possible to absolute German supremacy in Europe. Alexan-der III, is the most vacillating of sover-eigns, and he is ready to demolish any day the Idols of his eye's adoration. That, if not a positive alliance, at least a distinct understanding with France was about to be completed is beyond all doubt, but the fall of the Freyclinet cab-inet furnished to France's enemies incom-

testable evidence of the instability of any French government, and feeling that whoever might be M. de Freycinet successor, no reliance can be placed in engagements which risk repudiation by the short sighted domagogues who now misrule France, Russian policy has naturally dritted into a hostile channel.

THEY WILL ALL FIGHT. And yet the feeling of abhorrence for Germany is general among Russians; it is the inborn hato of races which through all time, have been antagonistic, it is the struggle between the Siay and the Teuthe Baltic provinces of the Russian curwhich began by the russification of pire, and which must fatally, inevitably though mayliap the catastrophe be tem-porarily adjourned, eniminate in war. Read the Russian newspapers, and es pecially the Moscow Gazette, the organ Katkoff is the chief, and you will ac-knowledge that though the official Govcrument Messenger was ordered to pour oil upon the troubled waters, the anti-German campaign is continued as vigor-ously as ever. The chief editor of the Moscow Gazette holds a position and enjoys a prestige which is without its equi-valent in the whole world, they call Kat-koff the "Vice Emperor," in Russia, and he merits the title. Katkoff's dream is Shey oundpotence, and Germany being an obstacle, must eventually, if not immedi-ately, be fought and beaten,

And now comes the question which no one can answer advisedly. Can the con-flict be localized? Probably it will not he localized, but this must depend upon the duration of the first Austro-campaign. Should it be all over in six weeks' time like that of Sadowa, the hatchet may again be buried until Emperor William's death, but should hostilities be prolonged. every nation in the whole world must drawn into the struggle, either in self-de-fence or for the gratification of their am-

bitions or their funcors. Germany may not budge so long as Russia is satisfied to beat, not to despoid, her enemy; but should Austria be invaded etsewhere than in Gallicia, Germany will come to her ally's aid, and say: Thus far shait thou go, and no further! And it is not sure that Russia will be moderate. And if Germany moves, so will France; and so must Denmark, who has a revenge to take; and Bolgium, whose ter-ritorial neutrality will not be respected; and Italy who wants a number of things and will throw in with the partner likely to pay best; and Spain, on general prin ciples, and Turkey and Greece, one of which wants to obtain, and the other to retain, Epirus and Magedonia; and the Serbians and the Montenegrins, and the The ways of diplomacy are as curious as those of Bret Hage's Heathen Chinee; the events of to-morrow may change everything, but the most consistent optimist must admit that the outlook for the new year is dark and discouraging T. C.

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN. Fragments of Cheer and Censure for the

Fair and Frolicsome.

THE CARE OF THE HANDS.

Talented Girls and the Curse of Laziness-A Clever Young Journalist -The Secret of Beauty and the Ideal Woman.

An Ideal Woman. A Gem From the Play of "Clito,"

A treat From the truy of this A woman fair— For it is woman's province to be fair— And yet whose beanty is her smallest grace; No mail-clud Amazon with heimet and spear:

Her only shield ; her native innocence. the charm of gentleness is round her head, the light of truth is in her steadfast cycs; in garment the white robe of chastity.

Her garment the while robe of chastity, While charity—of all the virtues queen -Sits on her brow. Fearless in well-doing; in sorrow strong; Healer of wounds, afficition's minister; More good than nous; just a little blind To moral weakness; a woman born. Affecting not to scorn a woman's fate; At peace with destiny; her husband's crown, Cheerful of spirit, empress of her home; In presence tender, and in absence true; One who, in traversing life's common way, Glads every heart and brightens every eye. One in whose wake the beaten track appears A little greener where her feet have trod— That's my ideal. That's my ideal.

Talented but Lazy.

New Orleans Picavune: The town is full of talented girls who will never amount to anything because they are so well content with being simply talented. These girls will never be able to take a prominent place in any profession or infustry without which all the talent under the sun is not worth a copper groat. Talent is the unhewn block of marble, industry is the chusel that may convert it to the perfect statue. The philosophic writer of "Our Picayunes" says that industry beats genius at everything except the making of real poetry. Talented girls who are too lazy to accomplish anything except by inspiration are often not only the victims of their own false idea that talent is better than a developed muscle, or trained mind, or methodical work, but of the ill-advised praise of relatives and friends. A smart girl wants encouragement, not merely praise. She wants that sort of encouragement that if she wills to work she can be and do anything that is great, and noble, and possible to human endeavor, Many a smart girl re-mains a slouch and a smatterer all her days because of the exaggerated idens of her own ability, not capability, she receives from those who should have known better. A talented girl of eighteen can play the piano, but not well enough to keep the honest attention of a roomful of people. She can dabble in paints, but not well enough to make her pictures worth framing. She can write romances, hut none good enough for publication. These are her possibilities. They speak fairly well for her at eighteen, and friends predict a brilliant future for her. But at nineteen and twenty she neither plays, nor paints, nor writes any better than she did at eighteen. She has spent her days in idle, ambitious dreamings of what she would like to do. Her mind runs sluggishly, she is drunk with the stupor of laziness. She is an enormous reader of novels, but finds even the magazines "too solemn" for her mind and taste. Victimized by home adulation she has quit her piano-practicing, neglected her studies, abandoned her drawing-book,

buckskin and fine powder, washing the hand again in hot water with soap; then drying them carefully they polish the nails with a line brush. Again they rub the nails with a rosy ungent to give them a fine tint and then with the hand to suggest a gem-like polish.

Since the new science of reading char actor by the handwriting has come in it is even said that the care of the nails affects the handwriting. The long almond shaped the handwriting. The long atmond shaped nail is a great support to the middle finger which guides the pen. One can hardly imagine a person with neglected finger-nails writing the long, graceful English hand which is characteristic of the great ladies of London. In old times, when Queen Anne bit her finger-nails, the English part was not when this perthe English nail was not what it is now All Queen Victoria's uncles thad finely shaped hands and almond tinger-natis erhaps that brought them into fashion ishion exerts a potent influence on man. savage or civilized. But no girl should ever use bismuth or any pigment to make her hands artificially white, for that fills in the pores of the skin, and is dirty and dangerous.

A Clever Young Journalist.

Miss Jeanette Gilder is a woman who has made for herself a very enviable place in journalism, says the New York World. She founded and has carried to a definite success a weekly journal, The Critic, which was an experiment and something quite new in its aim and scope. Of her career and her experiences in the various departments of newspaper work she writes in a pleasant, frank, manly fashion. Personally Miss Gilder is a curious combination of feminine and masculine traits. She is passionately fond of children and is devoted to the pretty infants of her brother, the poet,

n social lite she is entirely feminine, and is quite what any other elever, sweettempered woman would be, But in her office she is utterly changed. A woman who had occasion to meet her there once gave rather an amusing description of her own emotions on the occasion.

"I went into the fresh, bright, sunay little office," she said, "possessed by a good deal of curtosity to see this clever woman of business. She was sit-ting at her desk looking over, letters and rose courteously at once. She is quite tall and rather slim, with a large, strong, pale and not unhandsome face, and just a sight resemblance to Richard Watson Gilder, of the Century, 1 scarcely no-ticed her clothes at first, except that they were dark and plain, but as we sat and talked I grew more and more interested in noting that outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual tendencies woman. It was a cold day and Miss Gilder had come in but a moment before me, so that she had not yet laid aside her outer coat, a long, dark ulster. It was un-buttoned and thrown back, however, with the white silk handkerchief, such as are commonly folded by men about their throats under the edge of the overeoat in winter. Her skirts were also of a dark, mingled-looking stuff, and kilted plainly to the waist with no overdress. The waist was a half titted sack coat with the cut at the throat similar to that of a man and with the same pockets. Under it was and with the same pockets. Churr it was a close-fitting waistcoat in which were watch and chain; a plain stand-ing collar and cravat were entirely masculine in tone. I got so interested in noting the little details that I scarcely observed what she was saying. I even noticed that she wore wide cuffs with heavy link-buttons and a seal ring, and when she began to look in her pocket for her handkerchief I almost held my breath with the keenness of my curiosity to see what sort it would be and almost aughed alond when it proved to be, I had half anticipated, a plain, large square of hemstitched China silk."

The masculine attire of Miss Gilder is not worn with any ostentation and peo ple meeting her on the street would scarcely notice it. She wears it during her business because she really works very hard and has to have complete and she ends by doing nothing at all. Her mother has loved her too well to allow her to make a bed, sweep a room, keep up any routine of duties or studies. physical case to concentrate her mind on her labors. Hardly any arrangement of fashionable feminine dress will do that; the arms, throat and waist are all more

in an unpleasant and unbecoming des-habilie of any kind. I am sure, my Dorothy, that this is what grandmamma meant when she used to tell us little children that we must look sweet and pretty in bed, and that Emmeline must ee that the entire room was in order, If we asked a reason for this, you know we were told that it was in case of firea something we could never quite under-stand. We now understand what the principle was, though then it was a mys-

ry to us. The woman who wants to be handsome and bright and attractive must eat well. Not necessarily much, but a great deal of discrimination should be shown about her food. I hate that word food, it always seems so gross. Game of all kinds, very underdone, salads, fruit, cutlets, eggs, and, when she likes it, roasts, are good for a woman's beauty, while cocos, choco-late, and all sweet wines are equally de-sirable. The fad for cold baths should belong to her brother, and for a woman tepid or even hot baths are most desir-able. I am going to find you the celebrated prescription for virginal milk, which, put into a bath, is said to make the skin soft, white, and perfectly pure. It will make your bath look as if, it were really one of milk, and you might try just for once, as an experiment. But I mustn't talk about these things all the time, and yet they are the subjects most interesting, not only to women who are dightly passe, but to very young girls as

well

SICK headache is the bane of many lives. To cure and prevent this annoying complaint use Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. They are agreeable to take and gentle in their action. 25 cents a vial.

"All Quiet on the Potomac." The saying, "all quiet on the Potomae," which sprang into life during the late war, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, has passed into a proverb now common in every household. It had a common in every nonsenord. If had a pathetic origin in the poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomae To-night," by Mrs, Ethel Lynn Beers. The lady lived in Orange, N. J., when she wrote the well-known song which had many claimants; but only one of them, Major Lamar Fontaine, of the confederate army, made any serious at-tempt to dispute Mrs. Beers' statement that it was hers. Mr. Guernsey, for years editor of Harper's Magazine, who years editor of Harper's Magazine, who received the original copy of the lyric for the Weekly, in which it appeared; Mr. Davison, author of "Living Writers of the South," Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus), all give testimony absolutely in favor of Mrs. Beers. The following is an even of form better of here on the soluted extract from a letter of hers on the subject, addressed to Helen Kendrick Johnson:

"The poor picket had made so many authentic claimants and willing sponsors that I sometimes question myself whether I really did write it that cool September morning after reading the stereotyped announcement, 'All quiet, etc., to which was added in fine type, A picket shot.'"
 Mrs. Beers was Miss Ethelinda Ethiotf, a descendant of John Elliott, apostle to the Indians. Her nom de plume, Ethel Lynn, was easily and prettily made from her Saxon christian name. After her marriage she added her husband's name in the signature to many sweet stories of nome life, among the best known of which are "Weighing the Baby," and "Baby Looking Out for Me." She died n Orange seven years ago, on the day on which her poems were issued in book form.

SIACOBS OIL LUMBAGO -- LAME BACK.

43 After a lapse of years statements constraining the officing of St. Anochs Oil and its permanent cures, are given below.

From a Lumbago Sufferer, March, 1882.

From Same 4 years Later-Cured.

108 Prime st, New York, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1886.
 I cheerfully confirm up statement ; was completely cured. St. Jacobs Oil is the standard. I recommend it for family use. C. C. SHAYNE.

A Lumbugo Sufferer-August, 1881. 210 Middleser, St., Lowell, Mass. About two months ago 1 had a shitch in my bank, suffered extreme pain and was unable to leave my house. I tried St. Ja-cobs Oil. Less tham a bottle cured me. DAVID LAWRENCE,
 From Same 5 Years Later-Cured. Lowell, Mass., Oct. 29, 1885. Several years ago 1 had a sovere attack of rheumatism. I tried St. Jacobs Oil and in a few days was cured. Have not been troubled since. DAVID LAWRENCE.
 From a Sufferer at 64-September, 1879. Strasburgh, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

Strasburgh, Tuscarawaa Co., Ohio, I have been stilleted with rheumatian for several years and got ho relief until 1 used St. Jacobs Oil. By the use of two bottles I was greatly relieved. JOHN DIEFFENBACHER,

From Same 7 Years Later-Cured. Etraburgh, Tuscarawas Co., O., Oct. 22, 1886, I continued using your St. Jacobs and it cured me of every backwide. JOHN DIEFFENBACHER.

THE CHARLES A. VOULLER CO., Baltimers, Md

By All persons USING St. Jacobs Oil or Red Star Church Willby sending a two-cent stamp and a history of their case, receive ADVICE FIRE.

RED STAR COUCH CURE

FREE FROM OPIATES AND POISON.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25<u>Cts.</u> The Charles A. Youkles CO., Mainsone, M.

HORSEMEN!

And Lovers of Well-Bred Horses,

TAKE NOTICE.

FOR SALE.

ALL TIME, by Almont El, 1st dam On Time by

War Dance, ORIENTAL NO. 1919, by Almont Lightning, hg

ORLENTAL NO. 109, by Almont Lightmen, as by Almont Ed. for dam Kentucky Contral, record 2501; sired by Baleyra, he by Alex- ander's Abdallah, sire of Almont 25, REGALETT, brown mare, and soarding filly, by All Time, and due to foul April 17th, 1 %, the Vall Yang Barbard and April 17th, 1 %, the Vall Yang Barbard and Mark 17th, 1 %, CARICY WOODWORTH, brown mare, by All

A Lumbago Sufferer-August, 1881.

103 Prince St., New York, N. Y. I had a very severe attack of lumbage; could hardly waik. I tried a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil it relieved; I tried another, it cured me. I would not be without if it cost to a bottle. 2. C. SHAYNE.

Albanians, those petty nationalities of Slavonic and Pelagian origin which gravitate around the throne of the Great White Tsar, like satellites around a planet.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

r, on your you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?" "Yes, sir," I answered meckly.

"Well, now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer-a truthful answer, sir." "T-t-ten c-c-ords," I answered, hesita-

tingly. You swear it?"

"I-d-d-do." "Now," continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, "do you know the penalty of perjury, \sin^{2} " "Yes, sir, I think—"

"On your oath, on your solemn oath, with no evasion, you are willing to per-jure yourself by solemnly swearing that there was more than nine cords of wood?" "Yes sir. I-

"Aha! Yes, sir. You are willing to per-jure yourself, then? Just as I thought (turning to the judge;) you see, your honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such tes-timony as this." The jury nodded assent

and smiled sarcastically at me. "Now," said Johnson, "I will ask this perjured witness just one more question. 1 will ask you, sir-do you know-do you realize, sir, what an awful-a-w-f-u-l 'Yes, sir,' I said, my voice trembling.

"And knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath that there were about nine cords of wood?" 'No, sir. I don't do anything of-

"Hold on, sir! How do you know there were just nine cords?"

'I don't know any such thing, sir! 1

"Aha! you don't know, then? Just as I expected. And yet you swore you did know. Swore you measured it. Infa-mous! Gentlemen of the jury, what shall we do with this perjurer? "But I-

"Not a word, sir-hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer.' "Call the next witness!"

This is why 1 am keeping books in a lunatic asylum.

Can Never Be Kittens Again.

In society's dizzy, bewildering whiri You're always quite certain to find The forty-year midden; that gustinny old girl, 'To her loss of attractions quite blind; She ought to remember when out 'mongst the men With her snickering smirk or sigh.

With her snickering smirk or sigh, he tablies can never be kittens again. And they're wasting their time when they

try There's the ballet girl, too, much maligned by the press, In its bitterest cynical strain;

How the length of her years and her short-ness of dress Seem to fill all the critics with pain t

But critics should think, ere they take up the

That the poor thing can't help looking wry ; For tabbles can never be kittens again, And they're wasting their time when they

try There's the bachelor, also, completely passe, Who incessantly plays at gallaut; Who waltzes in such a ridiculous way And young riris essays to enchant; This one simple fact scenes to be past his

Thathe's now reached the sweet by and by Vhere tabbles can never be kittens again, And they're wasting their time when they try !

Mr. Foster Didn't Hire Out.

Baltimore American: About a year be fore the death of the noted Charley Fos-ter, who was the high priest of spiritual-ism in this country, Mr. McLean, the owner of the Cincinnati Engineer, visited the rooms of Foster, and the following

is an abstract of their dialogue: "Is it true, Mr. Foster, that you can see what is to us unseen? Could you tell the various cards in a pack which I might shuffle?" "It is all true, "said the medium. "Read-

AFTER MARRIAGE. What banging on the grana plano! Well, 111 be blessed !

You think that you can sing soprano? Give us a rest.

Perhaps you think your voice delicious? 'Tis, goodness knows! You'd better go and wash your dishes And darn your hose.

You think that you're a player, maybe? You are, no doubt! Come down and mind your squalling baby,

I'm going out.

lized, the fortifications recently con-structed at all the exposed points on the Equalizing Family Labor. Arkansaw Traveler: "I have about come to the conclusion that no man is Euxine, are sufficient to keep Britannia from doing much mischief there. good enough for even a passably good woman," said the proprietor of the Coon n Gallicia, and in its plains the immense range all-sorts store, as he glanced at a lank fellow who had just made a disasnumerical superiority of the Russian army will assure its eventual victory, al trous raid on a box of matches. "Every though the Karpathian line will be stub man has an easier time than his wife." "I've thought of that a thousand times," replied old man Gatewood, known bornly defended. What Austria's mili-tary resources are, I am unable to state, but we may take it for granted that she through the neighborhood as Lazy Sam: can muster nothing like the 1,700,000 men whom Russia can put into the field at "I know that I have an easier time than my wife, but I'm bringing the thing down mighty nigh equal now. I don't once, without making any call upon her reserves. believe in allowing a woman to might y nigh kill herself at work, let me tell you, A few figures will suffice to show Russin's strength. Active army, on the peace establishment: 224 regiments of line inand for some time I have been shaping my points so that she won't have such a fantry, each of 8 battalious; 72 battalious

hard time.

"Equalizing it, chs" "That's exactly what I'm doin', gentle-men. Last year my po' wife had to chop allthe wood and fetch all the water." 'And you have relieved her of that,

"Well, partly; she only has to chop the wood now. My boy has got big enough to tote the water. I tell you what's a fact, a man ought to think of these things."

72,000 light infantry: 56,000 envalry; 30 regiments of Cossacks or 24,000 troop-ers; 76 brigades of artillery of 6 bat-teries, each of 8 guns, or 3,648 guns and 78,000 men; 42 horse artillery and Senator Jones Booms Mining Stocks gun batteries, 333 guns and 8,000 men; New York Star: Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, is spending a few days at the Hoffman. He is looking reengineer corps, 8 brigades and 32 parks with 26,000 men. In all, ready for im-mediate mobilisation 1,169,000 troops, to markably well, and it is easily to be seen from the happy expression of his face which can be added the army of the second line composed of troops of all arms and numbering 607,500 men, and in case that he is again in easy circumstances. Only a short time ago he was \$3,000,000 of need, the reserve army of 641,700 men, worse off than nothing, and now he and the provincial army—the equivalent of the German Landsturm—1,42),000 again several times a millionaire. He has just made several millions out of the troops, of 1,420 battalions levied in Rus-sia and Poland, and 260 battalions of i has just made several millions out of the recent increase in California mining stock. He has but recently returned from California and says the mining ex-citement is still at fever heat. Mining stocks are still advancing. Consolidated Virginia stock that sold for \$10 a month ago is now quoted at \$20. "While we are taking out a good deal of mineral." said the senator, "it does not justify such a large increase in the price of stocks. Every class of people out there are given 1,000 men each from the Asiatic provincess I am ready to admit that there may be some exaggeration in these estimates, but not much, and I will mention that they are accepted as being accurate by Germany, who is always admirably informed as to the situation of her neighbors. Every class of people out there are given to stock speculation, and the revival in

THE CZAR MEANS BUSINESS. That Russia means business is abso-lutely certain, and, if Austria opposes Russhy's schemes in the Balkan peninsula, mining has set them wild. It was gen-orally supposed that the Consolidated Virginia had been exhausted. Before it turned out \$3:0,000,000 I could have pur-Austria must bear the consequences alone; she may have some help from England, but she has naught to hope from chased it for \$60,000, and after that the Germans, who, I repeat, have re-ceived and given carte-blanche. The peace of Thisitt is revised against France, the European continent is to be divided

will break simultaneously in the east and in the west. I have my double that we

in principle. I will go farther. The con-centration of the Russian troops, between An Unknown Man Who Appeared to Rossuth in an Emergency. the Pruth and the Dnieper is an accom-In the last-volume of his memoirs Louis

plished fact. The mass of the Russian army is at Kitchinell, as it was just pre-Kossuth relates an incident which occurred immediately after the Hungarian vious to the chappingn of 1877, and two revolution of 1848." Kossuth had fled to Widdin, and, with a other corps, one at Kominice, the second a little to the south of Warsaw, are precompanion, was in danger of being handed over to the enemy unless a letter could be immediately dispatched to Lord Palmpared to attack the Karpathians, Aus-tria's main bulwark on the east, which, if carried as it must be, will form the in-yader's base of operations in Gallicia.

erston, begging his intervention. Kossuli goes on to say: While we Kossuth goes on to say: While we were thinking over how this could be done, a man entered my apartment—a AN ABATY OF 1,700,000 At the same time, the Russian fleet, ready for service at present, at Odessa, typical English tigure, with his hat pushed back over his forehead, an im-mense umbrella under his arm, covered Nicolaioff and Sepastopol, will transport the Bulgarian corps of occupation to Bourgas and Varna which latter fortress, though formidable if garrisoned by good with dust and looking exceedingly weary. It could be easily seen that he had just troops, is not likely to offer much resistcome from a long journey. ance, the mass of the Bulgarian army and the great majority of its officers being absolutely Russonhist. It is hoped, in military circles, that the pas-sage of the Dardanelles by the British

"Good day, gentlemen'" "Good day, sir, can we oblige you?" "I have come from India to light for the freedom of Hungary. It looks as if 1 had come too late. Unfortunately, too late. Take a

He sat down, pushed his hat still further back, wiped the perspiration from his forchead, placed his umbrella between his legs, and busied himself with cleaning his linger-nails Hamiltonia whisper at to not The principal lighting may be expected

Henningson whispered to me: "We have already a courier who won't stand still until he's in Downing street." "Whom do you mean?" said L "That man there. He is an English-ma and that is enough ?"

man, and that is enough." He stopped up to him, and tapped him

on the shoulder.

"What is the matter?" "Is your passport in order?"

"Have you money?"

"Yes," "Woll, the matter is so"-(and here he of light infantry; 56 regiments of cav-alry; 76 brigades of artillery, each of 6 explained the circumstances). "We re-quire a man who will travel to London batteries of 4 guns; 42 horse-artillery batteries; 5 brigades of engineer troops; without stopping and without sleeping, and who will not rest until he has placed this letter in Lord Palmerston's hands. 32 parks of engineers. On the war foot-ing: 224 regiments of line infantry of 4 Will you do that? 29.50

The brave Englishman jumped up from his chair, reached me his hand, and merely said: "Where is the letter?" battalions and 896,000 rank and life;

I gave it to him, he put it in his knap-sack, drew his hat down over his ears, took his umbrella under his arm, and said: "All right! good-by," and he rushed

In less than a quarter of an hour I heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the street, and there he was with a servant, riding due west. He took advantage of the quickest route, and did not rest till he had put my letter in Palmerston's hands. The letter also had the desired effect.

I was traveling to Niagara, in America, our train stopped at a station to allow an-other train to pass in the opposite direction. At the desire of the people I stepped to the carriage window. A man's arm was extended to me from a window of the other train, and reached me a visiting card. I took if and read: "Mr. Roger Casement," with the words written in pencil, 'I gave Palmerston the Widdin letters" Thus I learned the name of the man, but never heard anything more of him afterwards.

" Had Him on the Hip.

Wall Street News: A Cincinnati spec-ulator went over into Kentucky to look ulator went over into Kentucky to look at an oil spring which a farmer claimed to have discovered on his land. Suro enough, the surface of the water was covered with oil, and oil could be traced along a crack for a mile. "Well, what do you think?" queried the farmer after a long investigation. "Wby, I think you have used about three harrels of petroletim around here," readed the covinated

between the two empires of Germany and Russia. And yet, although here it is confidentially expected that the storm

reished the capitalist. "Humph That dows how awful sharp

result is failure. Admiring friends fall off, sorry and disgusted. lazy young woman is as unlovely a sight as a slovenly one. A girl of eighteen, a talented girl, needs at her elbow a mother or a guardian who shall unceasingly and work. earnestly inspire her with an ambition to

take always and ever an upward step. Reading for Girls.

Girls' literature, writes Emily S. Bou-ton in the Toledo Blade, should help make women, thinking, helpful, earnest women, and if, as has been well said, "in choosing the books that boys shall read it is necessary to remember that we are choosing the mental food for the future chiefs of a great race, it is equally impor-tant not to forget, in choosing books for girls, that we are choosing mental food for the future wives and mothers of that The girl's work for the common weal of humanity is quite as important as that of her brother, and the necessity that her brain diet be well chosen quite as great. Of course, this selection of books for

the young involves careful supervision and unceasing labor. It domands the careful examination of whatever you place in their hands to read, and a watch fulness which must not be so open as to irritate, in order that literature of a pernicious kind may not stray into their possession, and lay the foundation of a taste that it will be difficult to eradicate. A wise discretion, however, will not place all stories or novels under a ban. Even were these not those that insensibly lead to high aims and lofty purposes, it would be better to put voluntarily before them such as have no influence other than that of entertainment than to arouse opposition by arbitrary ruling. Yet this is not necessary when some of the most acnot necessary when some of the most ac-complished writers of the day are en-gaged in contributing to children's litera-ture. Certainly no boy or girl could read one such book as Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" without feeling the childish heart inspired to beautiful thoughts leading to pure living.

The Care of the Hands.

All the English princesses, as well as the queen herself, have remarkably beau-tiful hands, white, with rosy nails, and this is said to be the result of exquisitely careful ireatment. The hand now is very much considered everywhere, indeed and there is no reason why both boys and girls should not pay dainty attentions to theirs. The American hand is more delients than the English hand, just as our feet and joints are all smaller. We are the race-horse, they the heavy and the stouter animal. But American finger-nails are not so beautiful as the English finger-nail, which is a feature by itself. English nails are rosy and shell-like, kept clean, and cut to a rounded but slightly tapering point in the centre. The skin at the base of the null is carefully pushed back to show the onys, or little white half-moon. With persons who take great care of the nail the onyx develops every day more and more. It is always observ-

England, particularly in London, where the water is hard, tends to roughen the hand, so that young girls sometimes want dog skin gloves or prepared French gloves at night to soften the hand. Glycerine and rosewater, cold cream, and washing the hand with almond nowder is a soft of the art of beauty washing the hand with almond nowder are all resorted to abroad for beautifying the early bird idea as one very perfiction to good tooks. Beautiful women should

ploy a manieure for a time, edvertids must be drawn over the head. These adrait professionals first bathe the Frenchwomen make their tollets for head hand a long time in hot water, then with with the same care that they would for acissors and knives clean and out the the street, and in this they are wise, be shall see, for sometime yet, the Teutonic bordes on their route to Paris. France you are I didn's we but one and a tait.

or less cramped and confined, and this clever young journalist does not allow any unreasoning prejudice to stand in the way of complete equipment for her

The Tennysonian Type of Girls. Oakland (Cal.) Tribune; Tennyson is lasting. His girls are all of golden hair So are his men, for that matter. But we respect his cold, golden-haired girls. We don't love them. They send a chill through you, yet it is a respectable shill. They are girls that you would like to have for sisters. He is the poet who has evolved from icy respectability the girl of blonde hair, tall, gentle whom you can worship for nothingness of brain, but large, pate aristocracy of manner, and you could go out of the world of death without regret of her; but you would know that she could be trusted not to violate the gentlest niccty of life. Such a girl Tennyson has put into his poems. Shakespeare created Miranda; Tennyson has created the girl with the cold, golden hair.

The Secrets of Beauty.

This caring for beauty, says a lady in the New York Star, and the cultivation of it has become a fad to which the latest or it has become a fad to which the fatest French stang, that is infecte, is very an-plicable. Mademoiselle walks, eats, bathes, perfinnes, powders, rouges, dresses, all with the thought of her special style. Now, Dolly, this is all very well if they would only keep quict about it, but they don't. Of course they headle ever full to non-hut wherever hardly ever tell it to men, but wherever a dove party is you will be sure some woman will be telling something to brighten the eyes, or make them look larger, to make firm the flesh, to increase or decrease it. Some of the old customs --the isimplest, by the bye-are decidedly the best. (Now I am speaking from the authority of a master.) For dark-eyed women, a touch of rouge immediately under the eyes, will enlarge them, deepen their color, and make them flash more; but a dash of rouge does not mean all that is in the box, and it does mean the careful shading off with a bit of soft

linen, following the shape of the eye Women talk about rouging the earsthis is nonsense. Whenever rouge is used the lobes of the ears and the tip of the chin should always be touched

it, because when a woman flushes they always grow a little rosy. For the cyclorows the very knowing woman rules them with a little tineture of cantharides once a week, then will the tip of her finger and some vaseline their shape is distinctly followed. She also knows that rubbing the eyes much will destroy the beauty of the lishes. On her toilet shand she keens a bottle of plive oil, this is used whenever the face is a little rough, to increase the size of the bast, on which it is rubbed by have every night, the proper outline bein, followed, and it is also chosen for the hands, diluted with a little rose water For a feverish breath she uses a few drops of camphor in a glass of water as gargle, while if her nose is red and traces it to a determination to make waist small the campbor is also applied

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able in a well-kept English inger-nafl. The perpetual washing of the hand in

the hand. the hand. The American nail is apt to dry and break easily. Vaseline rubbed on the nails after washing the hands will do a world of good to dry nails. It is well, if the nails are uply and grow badly to follow the English fashion, and em-ploy a manicure for a time.